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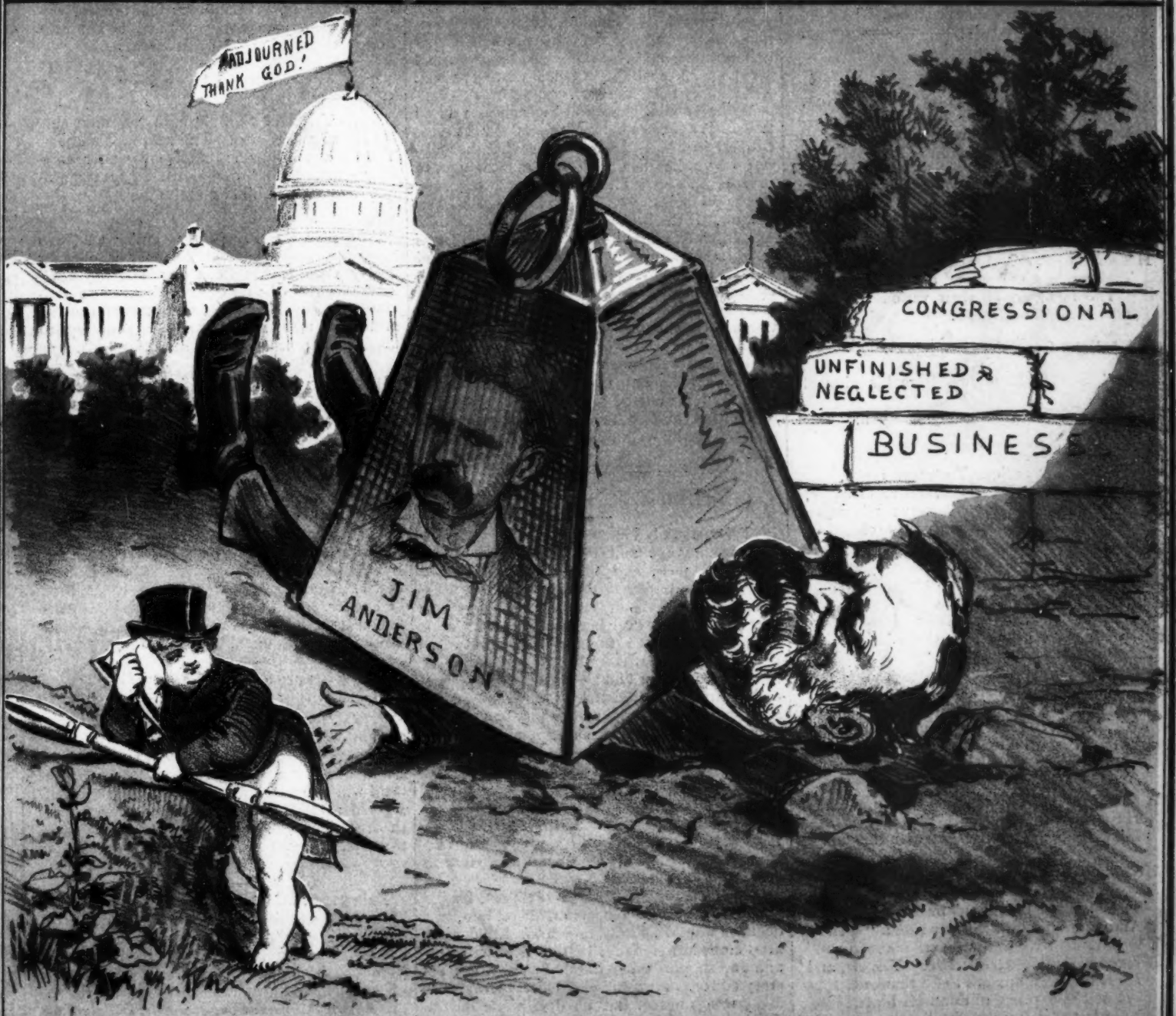
"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

Puck

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KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

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OFFICE No 13 NORTH WILLIAM ST.



"THE SMALLEST FAVORS THANKFULLY RECEIVED."

PUCK (weeping) "Whatever else the Forty-Fifth Congress neglected to do,
thank Heaven it buried Stanley Matthews!"

"PUCK",

No. 13 North William Street, New York

FOR SALE BY ALL NEWS DEALERS.

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H. C. BUNNER.....MANAGING EDITOR.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

PUCK will hereafter be on Sale in London, at the News Agency of Messrs. HENRY F. GILLIG & CO., 449, Strand, Charing Cross.

Americans in Paris, hitherto reduced to "Punch", "Fun" and "Judy", will now find their natural paper on file at the "Herald" Office, 49 Avenue de l'Opéra.

PUCK may be had in Saratoga at BRENTANO'S new store, opposite Congress Park.

Portrait of GAIL HAMILTON next week.

Remittances by Money Order, etc., are to be addressed to KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

CARTOONS.

Of this last Congress, with no thought of fun,
 It may be written: Nothing in its life
 Became it like the leaving it. Yes, rife
 With follies, broils, corruption, it is done.
 The fights are finished that, in words begun,
 Threatened to end in inkstands. With his
 wife

Jones of Podunk is eating with his knife
 In Saratoga. Jenkins of Bull-Run
 Has gone to Paris. Scattered one by one,
 The concrete evil spread out o'er the world,
 The members all their various ways have
 gone.

But may we credit them with no good deed?
 None?

Yes! Stanley Matthews, from his pinnacle
 hurled,
 Is finally, utterly, totally sat upon.

The Devil, that antique Tartarean moke,
 His apron full of scandals, sins and shames,
 And things which good society rarely names,
 Passed o'er a city as the morning broke.
 When, glancing down, he heard a preacher
 who spoke

The holy word which Satan and sinner
 shames;

Himself being privily up to various games
 Ill-calculated confidence to evoke.
 The Devil paused to listen. "What a joke!"
 But as he stopped, his apron-string gave way—
 Down went his cargo on the town below,
 Accompanied by a smell of sulphurous smoke
 Which lingers about the place unto this day.
 That city wasn't BROOKLYN—oh, dear, no!

A generous man is Conkling—truly grand!
 He treats his friends, also his enemies, well.
 He will do more for them than tongue can
 tell;

He beams upon them with a smile as bland
 As Jove Olympian. He will lend a hand
 To help across the ocean's measureless swell—
 And keep him on the other side a "spell"—
 The bitterest rival who has ever planned
 A fierce campaign against him. Yes, sir, and
 He is not even anxious to be thanked:

Enough if peace of mind his bosom bless.
 See our last page for proof. But understand
 When Fenton thus across the sea is yanked,
 He may land just wheresoever he blank
 pleasés.

PUCK.

AT LAST.

THE name of Gail Hamilton is known throughout the country. Her fame has spread, like an angel with healing on her wings, over the length and breadth of this fair land. In every town and hamlet her nom de plume is familiar, and we may well say beloved. The golden words which she has sown broadcast lie close to every man's heart; and those which she has put in the *Tribune* lie close to every woman's—that is to say, Gail Hamilton is a great woman.

But, wide as spreads the fame of Miss Abigail Dodge of Hamilton, she herself is personally unknown to the majority of her admirers. A timid, tender wild-flower, shrinking from the glaring light of day, her character is well indicated in her literary work. All those who have read the gentle, graceful epistles in which she pleads the cause of a distinguished statesman will realize that their author could not but be a woman of the most sensitive and delicate modesty. Miss Hamilton has, hitherto, always sought to keep her individuality exceedingly private. Cruel and wicked people have suggested that Miss Hamilton's material charms do not warrant the general distribution of her photographs; and that there are also prudential reasons for her withholding her carte-de-visite. But nobody believes them.

Yes, Miss Gail Hamilton has always refused to give her picture to the press. But PUCK is delighted to be able to announce that the emissary whom he detailed, some months ago, to procure this valuable portrait has at last been successful in his quest. By what means let us not ask. If the difficulty of the task drove him to desperate means; if he even went so far as to lay systematic siege to her maiden heart, and induce her young affections to wander for a moment from the distinguished statesman above mentioned—that is a question to be settled between his own conscience and himself.

All that we have to say, in behalf of PUCK, is that next week we will present our readers with a supplement containing a likeness of Miss Gail Hamilton, so resplendent in beautiful colors and so absolutely true to nature, that the public will be astonished, if not electrified.

THE HONEST TRUTH.

IT is generally believed that editors are the most savage and blood-thirsty of professional men, and that they wear spiked shoes, to add piquancy to the kick which they have the reputation of bestowing on every poet that puts his foot over his threshold.

In behalf of the fraternity, we feel compelled to deny that this is the case. We never heard of an editor kicking a poet down a padded stairway, and, furthermore, we never saw a padded stairway. No matter how bad a poem may be, the editor always says it is very good, and regrets that he cannot use it on account of something, which he sets forth in a very polite and plausible manner.

The editor is a jewel of consistency, and we advise young poets to court his acquaintance. If he were not possessed of a very gentle and amiable disposition, he would not be invited to restaurant openings and funerals.

The editor is the friend of the poet, for he publishes only what reflects credit on him, and declines what would disgrace him. He doesn't keep clubs in the office; neither does he maintain and support a bloodhound as assistant literary editor. He may, and undoubtedly does many things worse, but he does none of the things enumerated above, and the poet who doubts it may satisfy himself by coming in person to this office with a poem of a hundred verses on the generations of Enoch.

Puckerings.

Now then, give us a rest on Thanatopsis.

PROPOSALS for reconstructing Stanley Matthews will be received from responsible parties.

"CHERRIES are ripe, cherries are ripe; and Baby shall have some." So he shall; so he shall. Trot out the newest style of pony coffin.

Two little boys were nothing loth
 To eat two verdant peaches each:
 And now one tombstone covers both.
 Thou hast this season for thine own, O Peach!

It is a truly curious psychological study to note how whenever a red-headed baby comes into a dark-haired family, the father immediately withdraws from church-membership and takes to staying home nights.

Boys who don't feel inclined to wait till the legitimate firecracker season opens, on the Fourth of July, are reminded that the anniversary of American Independence is not celebrated in the kingdom of Heaven.

THE "Citizen Editor of PUCK" wishes to present his acknowledgments to Mr. Geo. Francis Train for a vast and highly interesting illustrated poster, sent by mail from Rochester. The Citizen Editor has read the poster carefully through, and now respectfully requests Mr. Train to ask him an easier one.

AND now the *Presbyterian* rushes wildly to the front to announce that "pork is cheaper to-day than it has been for thirty years." There seems to be no dignity about these religious papers. When a secular journal has the misfortune to be in the market, it is not apt to take this barefaced way of soliciting bids.

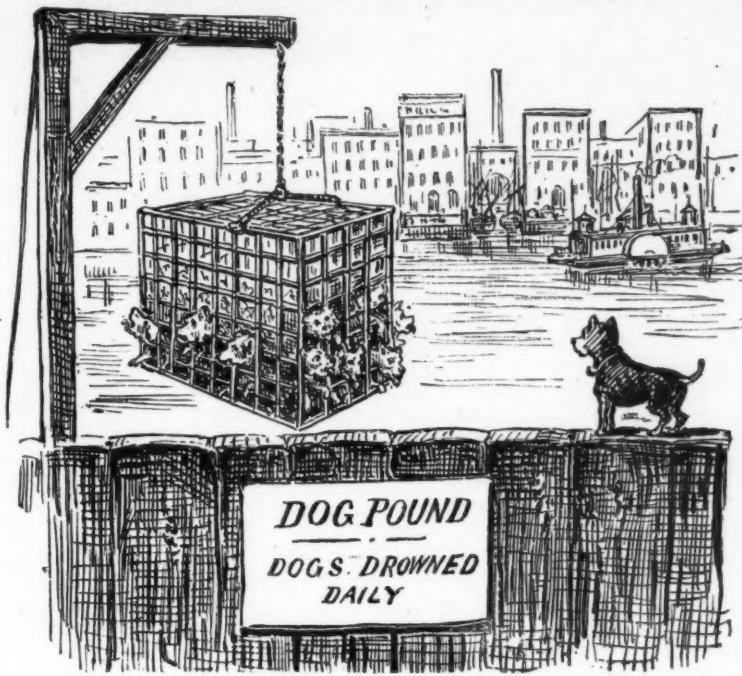
D'ISRAELI seems to think an immense deal of himself because he is bossing a miserable little ten-cent, three-by-sixteen European Peace Congress. If Beaconsfield takes so much stock in himself, just let him come over here and try to run a funny paper one week. That's all.

WATTERSON bitterly reproaches Hewitt for being "dumb as an oyster." This wild yearning for Mr. Hewitt's conversation is not shared by the rest of the populace of the United States. Let Mr. Hewitt continue to emulate the oyster. And we may suggest to Mr. Watterston that it were well if he himself would consider the soft clam, how he shuts his head.

This flood of gush which has been let loose over the country is decidedly bad for Mr. Bryant's future fame. It may provoke a reaction. We shudder to think of the awful consequences if people should begin to ask themselves how far a white beard and a venerable head will carry a man toward the reputation of a genius; and whether the "first citizen" of the first city in America should not, to merit the title, have done something worth doing and worth recording.

BRENTANO, of Union Square, has opened a branch store in Saratoga, where he proposes to sell New York books and papers at New York prices. The regular Saratoga Bash-Bazouks, who used to charge two hundred per cent. advance on all papers, are hastening to drown themselves in the various springs in the vicinity. The Saratoga guest may hereafter enjoy his PUCK regularly, without begging himself—a luxury formerly confined to a few millionaires.

THE EMPTINESS OF OUR CIVILIZATION.



PUG.—“There goes father, and a lot of my brothers, and only because they were poor and homeless! Yet they say poverty is no crime!”

A DOG-GONED SHAME.

SOME REMARKS FROM A SUFFERER.

IF I said I was the son of my mother, I should express myself in the way newspapers put down testimony heard in police courts. I should call myself a — of a —. Yes, sir, I am a dog; and though my mother was famous for her cleanliness, she was undoubtedly a slut. I never knew a father's love; and, although I believe I have *seen* my father, I have still that uncertainty as to my paternal parentage that many little Brooklyn children have as to theirs. We have always been an honest family. I have an aunt in the rag business; she works all day in harness before a go-cart without complaint. There is a rumor that one of my great-uncles was a spotted coach-dog, but then—you know what rich relatives are. If he *is* my great-uncle, he never notices us.

Early in life I was apprenticed to a baker, who thought I was cheaper than a bell to his rear door. So my business is to bark whenever a customer comes into the shop. I do my duty. Also, to snap at the calves of certain children who have furtive fingers for cakes. I do that also. Once I bit a piece of calf out of a child and it nearly sickened me, it did! What sort of cookery that child's mother had brought it up on, goodness knows!—but the taste of that piece of calf was awful.

All this I say to prove to you that I am honest and respectable.

Now my baker died six months ago, and I was thrown out of employment. I have tried to get work since without avail. I have nearly starved; I have not had a fair night's sleep; and yet I have preserved my respectability. Though I have been cold, sick and hungry, I have been happy till now, for I looked forward to brighter days.

But now! *Now* rise before me the dog-catchers and the Pound. I am in momentary terror of my life. The dog-catcher is my Nemesis, I fear. But what have I done? Did I ever give anybody the hydrophobia? Why do you make one law for men and another for dogs? Would you hang all ministers because H. W. B.—well, you know what I mean. Would you hang all negroes because of those two psalm-singing saints down in Georgia, who

went to heaven t'other day from the lower end of a rope? Would you lock up the fair and lovely females of your species because Sally Snatch was a shoplifter? Certainly not. Then why this wholesale war upon us poor dogs, for the crime (if it be a crime) of one in a million of us?

And, socially and personally, are we not superior to the dog-catchers who prey upon us? Look at the face of one of these men, and then look in the face of a dog, and tell me which deserves to be called the brute!

I had a second cousin once, a bull-pup, that was hired by an artist to sit as model for a portrait of an Irish alderman. The picture was a failure, as the dog's expression was too flattering to the alderman.

And not content with drowning us, these fiends *cremate* us afterwards! Isn't that piling on the agony a little *too* steep, eh? Besides it is class legislation—a distinction between the rich and the poor dogs. Poodles and Spitzes are untouched, while Ki-yi's are meat for the dog-catcher.

Beware, ye law makers, of how you trample on the poor animals who have faithfully served you for centuries; or, added to your other troubles, you may arouse a Commune of Dogs!

KI-YI (formerly Fidéle).

MOONLIGHT.

WHAT is so charming as a ramble beneath the moon? Now, to ramble over the moon world, in all probability, be quite different. The moon pours its opaline smiles on violet and cabbage, and one seems to appreciate it about as much as the other. It is singularly charming to walk along a country road with a nice girl when the silvery queen is firing down her beams at an angle of forty-five degrees; we know it is nice, for we have been told so by responsible parties. It is true there is nothing dramatic about the moon, and that it is barked at by captious canines; but what of that? That doesn't injure her any, at least we never heard it did. The moon has been dished up in different ways by pretty much every poet from Shakspeare to the Sweet Singer of Michigan. So much for the moon.

NON TALI AUXILIO.

IT seemed to me that since the horse-dealers and jockeys had been extensively interviewed and had ventilated their views touching the fashionable operation on the dorsal appendages of Mr. Bergh's especial protégés, it was only fair that the opinions of the parties most interested should be obtained and made public. After a careful canvass it is found that, with very few exceptions, Mr. Bergh's efforts have been gratefully acknowledged.

Naturally it entailed some trouble to the interviewer, although a stump orator of much stability was detailed especially for the purpose.

From his report I have been enabled to gain the following information:

A very general response to the query, “Do you approve of the operation?” was “neigh.”

One surly old horse with a natural stub didn't consider that it was anybody's business, and as for Bergh, he had always something new on the “docket.”

A lady-like mare thought that it was a barbarous proceeding, and blushing added:

“There'd be no end to such things if it were not for that humane Bergh.”

As a marked contrast to this good mare's opinion, another lady replied with more asperity than elegance:

“Young man, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, coming round asking such questions; and my advice to you is this: if you're an interviewer, as far as I'm concerned, I wish you to ‘cut it short.’”

“A ‘saddle-oss,’” replied a cob, with a knowing wink. For his part, he would oppose it with might and mane.

A very vicious old roadster didn't want to be bothered by Bergh or any other Burgher of New York.

“It made me blinker bit,” declared a bob-tailed nag. “They'd fixed things so as we couldn't kick against it.”

“Depend upon it,” said a thoughtful old grey, “it's only the Fifth Avenue bloods that don't complain. Anything to be in the fashion, say they; and they consider horses like me behind the age. So that's the long and the short of it.”

A little Irish pony with a stub considered that Bergh was making a foal of himself.

A shetland in the next stall, with a magnificent tail, declared that the remark of his Celtic friend was a cruel amputation.

“It's snorty to hack us so,” was the brief response of another.

“Now Bergh is on the stump, there may be some hope for us,” was the prompt reply of a bright-looking fellow.

In one large stable the following replies were given:

Number One exclaimed: “Oh, let me have no such aid to beauty—non tali, etc. You see I understand Latin. I used to read the classics with a pony.”

Number Two: “Sheer barbarity!”

Number Three didn't want to make a rumpus about it, but would remember the operation to his latter end.

Number Four “could a tale unfold once; but alas! it was now impossible.”

Number Five (a pony) said that he had caught cold from the process, “although,” he added knowingly, “I've always been a little horse, you know.”

This last remark so upset the interviewer, that he called the first hack and cut home.

A. LITCHFIELD.

ALDRICH calls barberies Little Red Riding-Hoods; and we think it equally proper to caption violets timorous Blue-stockings, or sun-flowers nodding Yellow-Jacks.

MEMORIES.

WHEN the chaste moon the rose with opal streaks,
And dreams the lily on the lakelet's breast;
When the still forest to weary spirits speaks,
In softened beauty, of balmy hours of rest;
When the wood-dove doth seek its cozy nest,
And fireflies linger round the violets blue,
Ah, then was I of joy divine possest,
As slow I walked the flowerful avenue,
And thought it Paradise because I was with you.

Oh, do you think I ever can forget,
Though I may roam beneath a distant sky,
Those gay, enchanting moments when we met
At 8 P. M.? Then you were sweetly shy,
And lovelier than a daffodil—if I
May gild with romance-language idle rhyme—
'Twas sweet to sit and listen to you sigh—
Indeed it was just really sublime
Beneath the spreading elm at mellow even-time.

Your golden hair (I think that was the shade)
Upon my bosom bounteously flowed;
And solemn vows of constancy we made,
As slow we wandered down the flower-fringed road.
The happiness which in our bosoms glowed
Was simply heavenly. When I went away,
Regardless of Murray L., you said you "knewed"
You'd see me not for many a long, long day.
And you were quite correct, I'm very free to say.

Ah! low we whispered o'er the delicate cream—
Which cost me quite a trifle, you may guess.
Ah! short and sweet our romance, as is a dream,
When innocent cheeks the snowy pillow press.
I look upon your lock of hair not less
Than twice a week. Your picture on me smiles,
With all its eight-for-a-dollar loveliness,
And wafts me back to Memory's blessed isles,
Wherever they may be, and rapture in me "biles."

I used to write you very silly rhymes,
Wherein I said you were quite worthy of wings.
I think I told you fifty thousand times
Just fifty thousand very silly things;
And yet whene'er I think of you it brings
A feeling o'er me which is strange and queer—
Alas! it now within my bosom springs—
Farewell! I must go for its antidote, my dear;
The which, I may remark, is cigarettes and beer.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THE UPRISING IN DADE COUNTY.

DADE COUNTY is situated in Florida. It is, so to speak, in the South. It consists of a vast area of marshes, through which rivers course and torrents in spring-time flow. In the wet season Dade County is somewhat of a pond. In the dry season it consists of intersecting river-beds, on which repose rocks, stones and pebbles. Sea-weed prevails to some extent; but it is an exotic, for during the wet season it flows into the Atlantic and during the period of dryness it is scorched and withered by the heat of the sun. Locomotion in Dade is neither practicable nor popular. During the dry season there is no water whereon to float, and in the wet season no land whereon to moor, the boat. It will be observed from this description that Dade County presents disadvantages to tourists, and that it is not the typical El Dorado which sundry prose-writers have described in poetic stanzas. It would indeed be no exaggeration to say, that if situated anywhere but in Florida, it would be held to be a forlorn county, unworthy of a full-grown Commonwealth or participation in the spoils of a State capital. We have alluded to the location of Dade as it appears in the

geographies and is supposed to be in fact. But the designation could never have been legally defended, and we think it only fair to the reader, before proceeding any further, to confide to him the true state of affairs. The real geographical position of Dade County is unknown. From what has been handed down by tradition, some idea of its whereabouts has been obtained. But it is very indefinite. But two bits of tangible evidence are known. The first was found when the Spaniards inhabited Florida. A Castilian surveyor, who had been banished from the court of Madrid for interfering with the King's prerogatives, undertook to make a measurement of the place. He did so, and submitted it to the colonial governor. When the lines of demarkation came to be examined next day, it was found that they had disappeared. The Castilian was thereupon beheaded. His dying request was that his bones might be buried in another county than Dade, as his relatives might want some day to find them. The other case was of a soldier during the Seminole war. Happening to cross Dade County during the dry season, his attention was attracted by a very high mountain. The battalion halted there, left some munitions of war—a cannon, muskets, etc.—and, having built a house to cover them, marched away towards Milledgeville. About six weeks afterwards, General Jackson deputed the soldier who had first discovered the place to take a detachment of sappers with him and bring to Georgia the property left. The gallant soldier started, and after a long walk the party arrived—at the seashore! There was no trace of Dade, the wet season having set in. Boats were at once hired for the troops, and investigation began for the missing mountain. No trace of it could be found. For sixteen days the men in the boats floated over the waves, took soundings, cast the lead and other nautical devices, but all to no purpose. No trace of the county could be found. They abandoned the search and reported to General Jackson that the county was gone. It created great commotion at the time. The missing mountain was afterwards discovered off Cape Hatteras immersed in sea-weed, and several years afterwards the cannon was found in Galveston. These facts are produced to show the general uncertainty which prevails as to its geographical position, and why it is that the term "Dade" is regarded as comprehensive. This lack of certainty had the effect of awaking the State authorities to a realization of the disadvantages under which the place suffered. Hence a narrow strip of land appertaining to another county was annexed to Dade. As at present constituted, the county contains four voters, three of whom reside on the annexed strip and one, in a boat, on the remainder. Two of the men are Democrats and two are Republicans. The nautically-disposed inhabitant's politics have never been clearly ascertained, but he is supposed to be a Democrat in as much as two of the other inhabitants are known to be Republicans.

The day after the election of November, 1876, a dispatch was published broadcast, which read:

"THERE HAS BEEN A GREAT UPRISING IN DADE. THE REPUBLICANS CARRY THE COUNTY BY A LARGE MAJORITY, MAKING ENORMOUS GAINS, AND COMPLETELY REVERSING THE USUAL RETURNS. OUR TRIUMPH IS COMPLETE AND OVERWHELMING."

This dispatch was displayed on the bulletin-boards throughout the country, and created great excitement. Men asked each other the cause of the sudden "tidal-wave." The various State committees figured on the result from the Dade returns. It seemed peculiar that in the closest contest known for years, such a sudden change should have taken place in a

single county. The Republicans were, of course, jubilant, and the Democrats proportionately downhearted. When they could summon up courage sufficient, the Democratic managers telegraphed to their colleagues in Florida to learn the cause of the great Republican triumph. The State Central Committee took the matter in hand. They sent a dispatch to Dade County as follows:

"WHAT IS THE CAUSE OF THE REPUBLICAN TRIUMPH IN YOUR COUNTY?"

It was addressed to:

"The Democrat in Dade County."

It was returned with this superscription:

"The Democrat has gone to Alabama on business."

On receipt of this, a member of the State Committee was dispatched to Dade County to inquire into the case. After searching for some days for the missing Democrat, he found his Alabama address and wrote to him.

The answer which he received was as follows:

"Numbers were against us. One of our voters failed to come to time." This led to a general inquiry, from which the following facts were elicited:

The Democrat who had gone to Florida had voted before leaving. The other Democrat had not. It seems that in Dade County, in consequence of the meagre means of locomotion, it had been customary to hold the election several days after the date observed elsewhere through the country. 1876 being an important year, a U. S. Supervisor was sent to Dade. He held the election on the usual day, and the three men of the annexed strip—two Republicans and a Democrat—voted. The Democrat, whose residence was in the boat, however, was, in consequence of the rough weather on the water, delayed several days in reaching the polling place. He offered his vote, but, to his amazement, it was rejected. From this arose the Republican majority and their triumph in the county, where it will be observed they outnumbered the Democrats two to one. Retributive justice, however, seems near at hand, as one of the Republicans has gone to the Paris Exposition on a pleasure tour, and if he does not return before November there will be another uprising in Dade.

ERNEST HARVIER.

RARITIES.

MR. LOWELL once asked the world, in a spirit of defiance, to inform him "What is so rare as a day in June?" We have been waiting patiently for a long time for some one to come out and make a response. As no one has yet seen fit to do so, we now take it upon ourselves to tell Mr. Lowell and the public of a few things which, in our estimation, are quite as rare, if not rarer, than a day in June.

They are as follows:

A blind tramp who wears eye-glasses; a piano that didn't take the first prize at the Paris Exposition; a pair of trousers that won't bag at the knees; a Democrat who will tell the truth with premeditation; a young lady who will decline ice-cream and a moonlight ramble; an editor in a new suit of clothes; a newspaper that pays for poetry; an ostrich with fins, a type-setter who doesn't work in his undershirt; a centenarian who wasn't personally acquainted with Mr. Washington; a young author who hasn't written a play; a corner-grocer who gives fair measure; a book-agent without cheek; a sailor who is strictly temperate; a man who will return an umbrella; a dry-goods clerk who gets more than he is worth, and a copy of Puck that doesn't contain the cream of American humor.

A HUSBAND'S VENGEANCE.

Scene: Central Park.



I.

MUTUAL FRIEND.—“Albert, my dear boy, don't be startled; but your wife is sitting behind that bush.”

CONFIDING HUSBAND.—“Impossible! She's in Jersey.”

M. F.—“And there's a young man with her.”

C. H.—“Then it *is* she. Just like her!”



II.

YOUNG AND LOVING WIFE.—“Lionel! I hear a noise!”

SURREPTITIOUS ADORER.—“'Tis but the Zephyr among the branches.”

Y. and L. W.—“No, Lionel! The Zephyr's boots do not creak.”



III.

Y. and L. W.—(to S. A.) “Fly, my beloved! My husband will kill you. He always does. (to C. H.) Albert, I am innocent!”



IV.

Y. and L. W.—“Great heavens—he leaps into the lake! And my husband after him! Oh! Lionel, save yourself—or rather—don't kick so—and let *him* save you.”



V.

Y. and L. W.—“He *has* saved him. What am I to do? Both of them! If the grass weren't so wet I'd faint.”



VI.

CONFIDING HUSBAND.—(to SURREPTITIOUS ADORER.) “And now, sir; I have saved your life. I demand my vengeance—and I will have it! TAKE HER YOURSELF!”

THE RIVALS.

WHAT matter that I raise my tuneful lay,
And that his soul-chords wake no poet tone?
Although this special y be mine alone,
He hath the call on me another way;
Wherefore doth my beloved bid him stay,
For I no shekels of gold or silver own—
Nix. But for him boileth the unctuous bone:
His father runs a soap-fat business—yea,
Low, unpoetic; but he makes it pay.

On him she smiles, and setteth her taurine pup
On me, her poet. Ay, thrice hath she done that.
Yet I look futurewards, Miss Jones. Some day
You will wish, as you taste Repentance's bitter cup,
You had gone long on Poetry, rather than Fat.

A DISSERTATION ON HATS.

MAN has been defined as an animal that wears a hat.

This is, however, an erroneous idea. Hat is a superior but eccentric creation that wears a man—wears and moulds him for good or evil, as the case may be.

It is not my intention to enter into a disquisition upon hatkind in general, whether considered as the haughty high, the sinister slouch, or the light and giddy straw. Neither shall I speak of its moral and physical effect upon man, nor of any of those peculiar traits which have rendered the hat so famous in all ages, and that caused it, at one time, to be deified and revered, as its kindred spirit, the bonnet, is now by the fair sex. No. I wish to speak of one of its most confirmed and unaccountable eccentricities—its tendency to blow off.

I assert, after long and exhaustive study of this subject, that all the other ills of human nature, when compared to a severe case of hat-blow-off, are in the ratio of 1 to 999.

I am aware that there is a school of shallow philosophers who maintain the superior importance of "falling on the ice" and "umbrella blowing inside out." Pert reasoners! Flip-pant coxcombs! Who has not seen the joyous and contented expression upon the face of the man who picks himself up from the sidewalk? How benignly he smiles at the passers-by, and with what alacrity does he resume his walk, showing his light-heartedness and glee! Call ye this an ill, ye unphilosophic tyros? As to the "umbrella" question, I will confess it has its claims upon the public notice—but trifles light as air when contrasted with the momentous subject before us.

The sensation which a man undergoes upon his hat blowing off, may be divided into three parts: first, a feeling of numbness and total bewilderment of the faculties, accompanied by a desire to sink quietly into any grave that may be lingering in the vicinity. This is succeeded by a sense of humiliation, as he starts for the ambulatory garment (if such it be). This is intensified in a ten-fold degree if the hat is presented to him by a smiling stranger—they always smile in these cases. The third and last part is a feeling of deep and bitter rage. As he departs from amongst the jeers and scoffs of the by-standers, he communes with himself, and rehearses all that varied and ingenious profanity which rendered his boyhood's days so sunny, and is the glory of his later years.

It is the unutterable anguish, aye, recklessness of the mind, produced by such melancholy incidents, which I maintain to be at the root of most of the calamities befalling poor man-nature.

To illustrate this I will give an interesting little anecdote, which I will vouch for as an actual fact.

INTERESTING LITTLE ANECDOTE.

Blithely and with light steps does young William Johnson pursue his way through the crowded thoroughfares, one bright afternoon

in the month of May, 18—. How cheerfully he whistles to himself as he passes along, humming snatches of song, and giving casual glances at the shop-windows wherein is reflected his own beauteous form. Aye! blithe as a bird is young William Johnson—and why should he not be? Would not any man in his position feel the exact blithesomeness which is usually supposed to be the normal condition of the feathered wingster? Is he not, even now, on his way to the fair being he is soon to call his own? Ah, me! (pardon me if I drop a pensive tear.) Besides, has he not failed several times very successfully in business? In the bright lexicon of his youth, the word "fail" is printed in Roman capitals.

But see, he approaches the house of his innamorata. She is at the door, dismissing a bevy of fair acquaintances; they see him: he attempts to remove his hat, when, horror! a gust of wind carries it under the wheels of a passing street-car!

He rescues it at last, lacerated and torn: a mere burlesque on a hat. Maddened and infuriated, he pretends to smile. Maidens giggle; he blushes. Maidens laugh immoderately. He rushes from the house—the end is soon reached.

Around the corner is a liquor saloon; he enters. Ah! tempting bowl—ah! fatal glass. He goes not hence until the roseate morn. He repairs thither so often that he is forbidden the house of his loved one; becomes desperate, forges, robs—murders! and is publicly hanged on the thirteenth day of November, 18—, in the presence of a numerous and delighted audience. Such is the history of young William Johnson.

To return to my subject, I will introduce another little narrative; or, rather to introduce another little narrative, I will return to my subject.

It is well known that only a new or cared-for hat will blow off. One that is old or worthless, or that you wish to get rid of, will never accommodate you in this respect. This is sufficiently exemplified in the case of my old friend Bartholomew Higgins.

Alas! poor Higgins. I knew him well, Horatio: a fellow of infinite hat. Probably the most hatted man that ever breathed. His head was of such a peculiar shape that no hat would stay on more than a day or two, at most. And he was such a peculiar fellow that he would never take the trouble to pick up a hat which had blown off; but would make straightway for the nearest hattery and purchase another. I have seen him four times in a single day, with a different hat each time. He professed to be a hat-fancier, too, the rogue. If his end were not so melancholy, I could laugh at the recollection.

He at last grew tired of this state of affairs, however, and registered a solemn vow that if he ever found a hat that would stay on his head, he would wear it all his days. He found it one day, and wore it—a month—six months—two years. It grew old, and very old, and then shabby, and then positively disgraceful; it ceased to resemble a hat, became a shapeless mass of rags, but still would not blow off. Poor Higgins, accustomed to so much change, could not stand it. His constitution was undermined; but, noble man, he was true to his vow. He tried all possible means to cause it to blow off; thrust his head continually out of car-windows, when traveling by rail; traveled to Europe and back on deck; but, though the good ship was nearly wrecked in a furious gale, his hat still remained on his head. He stood in the direct path of several tornadoes; but with the same result. A wind-storm was as much a source of delight to him as a wind fall is to most people. He finally became demented. All his schemes had proved abortive.

One day the Ninety-oneth Cohocksink Artillery Corps gave an exhibition drill. This was my poor friend's opportunity. He accosted an artilleryman, slipped a bank-note into his hand, and begged him to blow his hat off with a gun. The gunner was an obliging man, and did as he was requested.

Unfortunately, my friend's head disappeared at the same time. We were never quite positive what became of it. His remains, what we could find of them, were buried in the peaceful churchyard, 'neath the willows; and we inscribed on his tombstone: "There cracked a noble head."

HEM LOCH.

A HOME FOR THE FEMALE BATH-ER.

NO MORE POLICE RAIDS ON THEATRES.

WOUR sympathies are extended to those theatrical managers of the Jacob Berry sort; who have what they call Jardin Mabilles, where the rustic eye delights in the view of "Female Bathers"—with *real* females in *real* water. Messrs. Berry & Co. also get into hot water themselves, by aid of police raids, and are heavily mulcted by the courts—besides having their establishments broken up. And it is really painful for a manager to contemplate his blonde mermaids, in a barely picturesque déshabille, bedraggled through the muddy streets, and exhibited, free of charge, at a police court. It isn't the right way to advertise a show, anyhow; and it lets the public behind the scenes, as it were, to that degree that the stupid public don't cling with a childlike trust to the genuineness of the "Blonde," or the "Circassian Beauty," or the "Mermaid." Even the water is doubted; and the whole concern appears adulterated, so to speak.

And all this because the law says these exhibitions are immoral, indecent, and debasing.

But if there were no law? Aha, there's the rub!—and we propose to give to Messrs. Berry & Co. a gratuitous wrinkle.

We have in our waters a floating theatre. Let Jake Berry give us another at once—a floating Jardin Mabille to cruise around midway between Sandy Hook and Rockaway, out of the jurisdiction of any State government. Then could he give us the Female Bather without fear of police raids. And he could give her to us in real water—and clean sea-water at that—which, we doubt not, would be, as a measure of cleanliness, a healthy thing for the mermaids—if Berry provides soap.

By all means, then, let us have this fancy realized, and keep the managers, theatres, and performers of the city out of the way of police raids, and from under the shadow of the Tombs. PUCK offers Mr. Berry a hint for a poster cut with which to adorn his new floating Jardin Mabille.



THE LAST WORDS OF BRYANT.

THE death of Mr. W. C. Bryant appears to have proved a substantial good to many of his friends; to all those, at least who were willing to recognize in him the greatest genius of the nineteenth century, and the consummate product of American literature. Mr. Bryant being dead, they incurred no responsibility in committing themselves on the question of his merits; and thus they got a great deal of gratuitous advertising. Indeed, it is curious to note how generally the matter has been looked upon in a purely business light. The country papers have hailed it as a wind-fall. It is now the "dull season;" and ornate obituaries, padded out with reproductions of the pious but scarcely poetic "Thanatopsis," or the eminently matter-of-fact "June," have served to fill many a gaping column. The evening journal that set up the extra obituary matter required by another over-crowded paper, turned its rules, by way of testifying its gratitude for the job, and appeared in full mourning—alone among its "contemporaries." The brilliant and popular preacher who "officiated" at the funeral found so much to say and to quote that he was a rather more prominent object than the remains. The work of writing, for the paper of which Mr. Bryant had been the nominal head, the principal critique on his works, was entrusted to a gentleman who had never before been known to express the least shade of approval of any poetry save his own; and he certainly accomplished his task to the entire satisfaction of his employers; though it must be acknowledged that he left a doubt in the mind of the general public whether William Shakspeare had a single claim to recognition by the side of the departed.

But amid all the sycophants and adulators who are holding high carnival over the late Mr. Bryant, is there not one man whose masculine soul revolts at the idea of post-mortem toadying; and who will say what he has to say of the dead man with a virile honesty and self-respecting candor which will put to shame the snobbish sentimentalism of the hour? Is there not? For answer, we refer our readers to the extracts we print below. They may throw some light on the question, or they may not. We print them as they stood in the *New York Times* of June 16th, with some slight emendations calculated to bring out more clearly the basic idea of the composition and to emphasize the writer's train of thought. We suppress the author's name, in order not to bring a blush to his modest cheek.*

Here are the extracts; to which we must prefix one reflection. We never knew a man equipped with a larger or more varied assortment of last words than Mr. Bryant. Nothing is lacking in this record, excepting an exact statement of Mr. Bryant's views on the Electoral Commission, and some hint as to how he liked his turnips boiled.

To the Editor of the *New York Times*:

In accordance with the expressed wishes of many personal friends of the Patriarch of American Poetry, and remembering that posterity likes details in regard to the latest actions and utterances of eminent men, I shall record for your columns, to the best of my recollection, the particulars of my conversation on Wednesday, May 29, with William Cullen Bryant. It was urged upon me that the circumstances should be laid before the public with absolute correctness by the only person who was competent to narrate them, though I fear it may, by some persons, be deemed beneath the dignity of the subject and the occasion.

After some remarks on the current topics of the day, Mr. Bryant said: "Did you observe that I published in the *Post* the appeal you sent me on behalf of the memorial window to Thomas Moore?" [My Memorial Window.] "Yes, sir." "Did it bring you any subscrip-

tions?" "Yes, several, and among them a characteristically liberal one from Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia." [Childs, A. M., Dr. to adv. \$5.] "You may put me down for — dollars,"* went on Mr. Bryant. Bryant laughed very heartily over a little story of the Frenchman's description of the difference between gout and the less painful illness, rheumatism, which I related. [This story, although French, was strictly correct. Mr. Bryant's condescension in laughing was largely due to the manner in which I recounted it.] The poet then said: "Are you going to Newport this summer?" I responded: "Although it is my custom to go to Newport every summer, yet this year my wi—that is, I am building on a very extensive scale." [My luxurious French Apartment Buildings will be ready for occupation by October. All modern conveniences.]

I asked if he had no fear of the effect of exposure bare-headed to the heat of the sun when delivering his address, to which he answered, in the presence of another gentleman who had joined us:

"No."

And then he added:

"There is no necessity of holding, as you propose, an umbrella over me."

At the conclusion of the ceremonies the poet took my offered arm to accompany me to my home. Before proceeding, the poet said, in a determined manner, "I am not tired, and prefer to walk." As we set off again, he said, in a most decided tone, "Don't hold that umbrella up on my account."

I inquired how his favorite tree—the grand old black walnut at Roslyn—was bearing its years. "Very well, like its master," he answered. "You must come and see it again, as it interests you." [I consider Mr. Bryant's heirs and assignees bound by this invitation.]

Later the poet said: "On Lord Houghton's visit to Roslyn, a few years ago, he was accompanied by his valet, who announced in my kitchen that 'his master was the greatest poet in England,' when one of my servants, not to be outdone, thereupon said, 'Our man is the greatest poet in America.'" [John Doe, servant to Mr. Bryant, Dr. to adv. \$5.]

I hazarded the remark that I thought the American poems that would be remembered and read 500 years hence were his "Thanatopsis" and "The Flood of Years," and Halleck's glorious lines on the Greek patriot. "Perhaps you are right," he replied.

Still continuing to lean on my arm, he asked my little daughter, whose hand he had held and continued to hold, if she had ever heard some little verses about the bobolink. [The immortal lines with the beautiful refrain: "Bobolink, spink, spank, spink!"] She answered yes, and that she also knew the poet who wrote them. This caused him much amusement. Shortly after this he said:

"If you want a thing well done do it yourself, and don't leave your money to be misappropriated by others, like your acquaintance, Mr. ———." [Mentioning a millionaire acquaintance of mine.] We reached my house [high stoop, brown stone], and entered the vestibule—

Here follow the details of Mr. Bryant's accident.

Ice-water was immediately applied to the head, and he was carried into the parlor. A soft pillow was placed at one end for his head, as he lay on the sofa. In a few minutes he sat up, and drank the contents of a goblet filled with iced sherry. [Best Amontillado. P-k & T—lf—d, Dr. to adv. \$5.—] He now recognized me, and looked curiously around the room, still with a dazed and uncertain expression: "Was it not here that President Hayes was received?" "It was," I replied, with some pride, I must avow. He then attempted to make some pleasant remarks, such as: "Where did you say you were building?" [See above.] "Is not that one of Audubon's pictures?" "Yes, sir," I replied, "it was a pres—I mean, I paid \$500 for it to the widow of Mr. Audubon." Although still not quite himself, he expressed his wishes in a most emphatic manner, and manifested much impatience to reach his residence.

We entered a horse-car, where for some time he held a few pieces of silver in his hand; but when I quietly asked him to replace the money in his pocket, he did so. [I had it.] Calling a carriage, we stepped into it from the car at Seventeenth Street, the conductor showing us every attention. [Conductor car 49,170, Madison Ave. line, Dr. to adv. \$5.—] The gentleman, as was remarked of Sir Walter Scott, may be said to have survived the genius. [Myself, Dr. to adv. \$5.—] And, in conclusion, it may not be improper for me to add that Mr. Bryant passed away without knowing what had happened to him on that beautiful afternoon of May. **

"There is mourning in Weimar," wrote Heinrich Heine in 1823. "Goethe is dead, and Eckerman still lives."

* 2.

** This we fully believe.—ED. PUCK.

UNFINISHED TALES.

WE submit that those publishers who are growing rich out of the juvenile half-dime, should at least give their young readers complete editions of their stories; that, in fact, the novels in question should not be "cut." We are induced to make this remark from having recently perused many of these stirring histories of real life; and, finding them all as flat as a second-hand book with his last page torn out, we propose to protest against it in the name of American Youth. And, to prove our point, we give an example or two.

In that great story

PAT; THE PIRATE OF KILL VON KULL, the entire last chapter is omitted. We supply it. It reads:

"CHAPTER XXIIIIII AND LAST.

"And then the policeman just took him home to his mother, and she spanked him.

THE END."

Also, in that romance of high life,

HAL; THE HERO OF A HUNDRED AMOURS, as published, the story ends where the Lady Ethelinda throws herself, her honor, and all her jewel caskets, at the feet of Hal; entirely omitting the final chapter where my lady's husband comes in "and bounced Hal, and whacked that hero, and sat on him and chewed him till Hal was in that mashed and jelly-like condition that he had to be buried in a bucket."

It destroys the interest in a story, don't you see? to cut out tragic points like these.

Again. In "BUCK; THE BEAUTIFUL FARO PLAYER," we see how he ran skin-games, and made millions by beating everybody out of every cent they had. How Monte Cristo wasn't, as it were, a patch to Buck; how he owned everything, and could do everything. This makes every boy's heart stir with a noble enthusiasm to be another Buck; and surely, the publishers should have given that hero's career in entirety. But they don't. They omit his glorious ending:

"Then in came Muldoon, who, seizing Buck by the slack of his trousers, cried: 'Ah, ye blaguard! Ye thafe av the worruld, I'll get Hackett to sind yez to the House of Refuse till ye're twinty wan, so I wull!' And he did."

If the boys are to read this sort of books, wouldn't it be better that they should get the whole thing, and not be compelled to leave their heroes just before these gentry reach the grand finishing climax to their careers—the which climax is generally a tragic one?

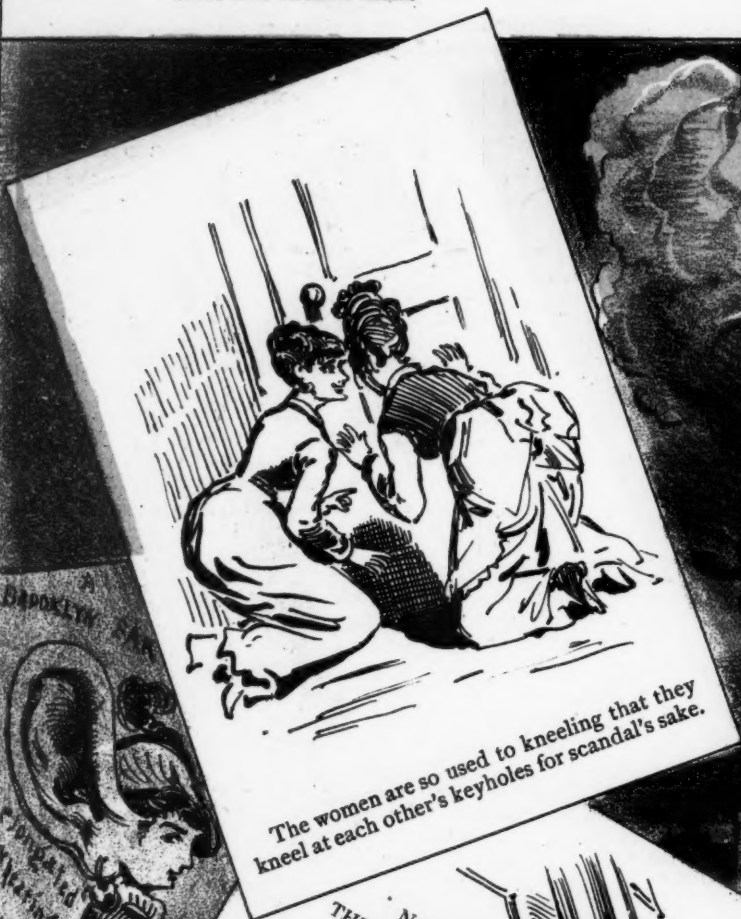
CREDIT.

IN the last issue of PUCK we quoted from the *Baltimore Every Saturday* an exceedingly quaint and clever little poem headed: "To My First Love;" one of the best things that that bright paper has given to the world. These verses, we learn, were by a gentleman who modestly hides his identity under the anagram of "Llunned." We felicitate him on his performance; and make this acknowledgment of his authorship with pleasure. We do not believe in impersonal journalism. Impersonal Journalism, we may explain, is an institution of English birth. It is founded on the alleged divine right of a man who buys literary work to keep the market price down by suppressing the author's name. It is closely akin to the practice of Stealing, which flourishes in this country also. Puck will have nothing to do with journalism of this class. He desires at all times to give the fullest and fairest credit to every paper or person whose production he copies; and whenever his good intention misses fire, he will be happy to rectify his error as soon as apprised of it.

* The name is not Jenkins, the well-known journalist. We make this statement at the request of Mr. Jenkins.



The people planted churches, but the weeds came and choked them.



The women are so used to kneeling that they kneel at each other's keyholes for scandal's sake.

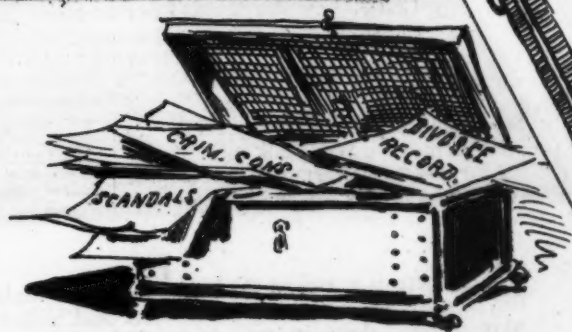
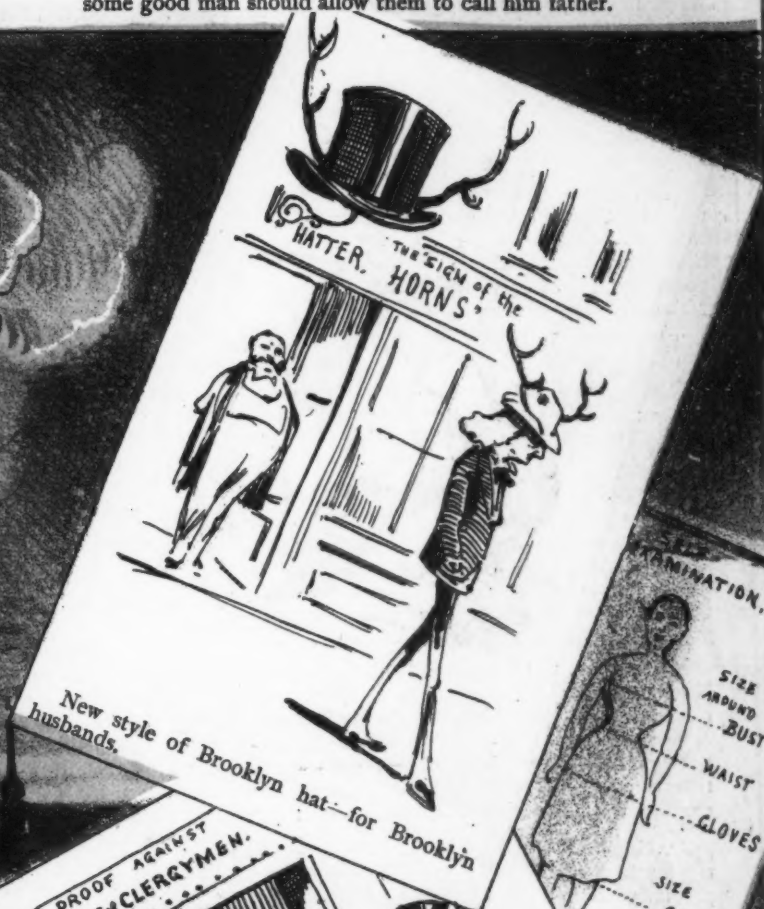


Some Church Rules.

There is a legend that one day Satan loaded himself with all sorts of crimes and scandals on the face of the earth; but in his spite and malice he over-loaded himself; his apron-string broke and he was dumped down in one place. This spot must have been Brooklyn.



Unappropriated children increase to that degree that some good man should allow them to call him father.



The sort of documents suitable for deposit in the corner-stones of churches in Brooklyn.

s and scandals intending to sow them over
-string broke and all the crimes and scandals

DRAMATIC NOTES.

At the Standard the season closes on Saturday, when "Fritz" expires in protean agonies.

The Sacred Dime Concerts, with the Sacred Man-Flute, continue to make Sunday evening beautiful at Cooper Institute.

MR. BARTLEY CAMPBELL is to tempt the American public once again, at the Grand Opera House, July 1st, with his "Vigilantes."

EXCEPT at Niblo's, there is this week no legitimate theatrical performance in the city; and no variety show worth mentioning, save the Lingards' and that at Tony Pastors.

THE Union Square is closed—so much so that, instead of the sign of "Standing room only," the house displays a large placard: "Gentlemen will please not stand in front of this theatre."

"GOSPEL TEMPERANCE ADVOCATES," popularly known as "Murphies," take possession of the Park Theatre next Sunday evening. This is a base opposition to the Aquarium, and should not be encouraged.

MISS KATE CLAXTON opens at the Park this fall in the latest Parisian success. We are authorized to contradict the rumor that it is a new version of "Macbeth," adapted to modern tastes and the French style by Hennequin and Najac.

THE Fifth Avenue has made a fine list of star engagements for next season, to which will probably be added the name of Miss Mary Anderson; and Messrs. Fiske and Harkins are now in the country, taking an anticipatory rest on their laurels.

COL. SINN is going to spread himself on a strong stock company to support his stars at the New Park Theatre, Brooklyn, next year. Col. Sinn is quietly and unostentatiously running a metropolitan theatre in a one-horse town. How he does it has not been ascertained; but he appears to flourish on it.

MR. W. H. KENDALL and his wife, Miss Madge Robertson, come to the Fifth Avenue next season. England is trying to give us some compensation for the duffers whom she has been exporting for years. At present the artistic account fully sets off the Halifax Fishery claims, and leaves a balance in our favor.

At Gilmore's Garden Thomas still continues to play Beethoven on Thursday nights to an appreciative audience of five dead-head musicians. On all the other evenings of the week crowds gather and encore the cornettist, Shuebruk, who has tumbled to this situation, and who responds with "Suwanee River" and "Kathleen Mavourneen." This gives great pain to the man who plays the bass-drum, and who is an admirer of Beethoven; but it pleases the public.

CELESTIAL STATISTICS.

MARY ELLEN CHASE is the name of the lady to whom we are indebted for the following discovery:

"Women outnumber men three to one in heaven, and in the same proportion men outnumber women in hell. I do not say this as an idle boast, but simply present a fact that every Christian must accept on examination."

If only those who placed confidence in the lady's assertion are Christians, we fear that sad havoc will be made in the census reports, and a large preponderance given to the Heathen. The lady does not state the source of her information. We are willing to concede that she may be in Heaven in futurity, but when she alludes to the relative proportion of the

sexes there, she speaks prematurely. How does she know that the women outnumber the men? Is she sure about it? Or is she only speculating a little on what is apt to occur? This "three-to-one" Paradise is a new phase of the question. Some men would feel adverse to being overawed in this manner by females, they would prefer to go elsewhere and be among their fellows. The lady has adjusted her proportion near enough, but may it not happen that she has left herself no margin? There are some women (we smile to think the number is restricted) who, if by any chance they got into Paradise would put an end forever to its celestial character. These women are generally of angelic aspect; hence would find no difficulty in gaining admission. But to think of the uproar and tribulation they would create, assures one that their stay would not be long-protracted. Again, there is a class of men who (even in Paradise) would not appear to advantage when so far outnumbered. If the celestial idea was to be adhered to, these men would have to be removed. Such removals would shatter forever the lady's calculations and afford the absurdity of such a proportion as, say $3\frac{1}{2}$ woman to $1\frac{1}{4}$ man. We think that if Paradise was dependent on any such questionable arithmetic, not to say social basis, as this, it would not be Paradise very long.

The lady has probably reason on her side, when she states that the women will outnumber men in the most eligible locality of the two. Anyone who has ever ridden in a street-car will observe the truth of this. Still her calculation is open to objection in the second designation anent Hell. It would seem that the lady has got the Paradise proportion—as it were—down pretty fine. But her Hell statistics are wrong. We do not say this as the result of any superior knowledge that the lady mathematician may possess. She probably knows rather more about it than we do. That, however, does not alter the question.

This lady Chase says that in Hell men outnumber women three to one. We would like to ask the lady Chase, how she knows this? Does she know the kind of men who would prefer the other locality to Paradise? No? Then how can she make the proportion.

Yes? Truly—yes? Then let us ask her, if this style of men would assent to any such ratio as she has named? We think not. They would see her—one of them first. It is quite plain to us, that on this second point—the lady's calculations are defective. Some indulgence is, of course, due, for information on the proportion is difficult to obtain. Still reckless assertions are never to be overlooked, and when a woman undertakes to apportion off humanity, she is apt to get beyond her reach.

In proof of this, a single point will suffice.

It is really vital. But the lady Chase has overlooked it. Her proportion arithmetically expressed, is

$$3 \text{ WOMEN} + 1 \text{ MAN} = \text{PARADISE.}$$

$$3 \text{ MEN} + 1 \text{ WOMAN} = \text{HELL.}$$

Good. But does the lady not know that women largely outnumber men? Does she not know that the surplus of women in all ages over men aggregates millions, and that to-day in Massachusetts there are 60,000 more women than men? It was so before Massachusetts was, and this is saying a good deal. Where does the lady Chase locate the superfluous women? Have they no abode? Is even Hell closed to them? Is there a Hilton even there? Perish the harrowing thought! We had rather that the lady's calculations were voted wrong, than that one hundred and fifty million extra women were cast into nothingness and the solitude of space. This calculation is probably about the first that lady Chase has made. The trifling errors we have pointed out, will probably show her how easy it is to be mistaken on the question of Celestial Statistics. They may also show her that this summary disposition of so many of her sisters will not be tolerated by any self-respecting woman or woman-respecting man.

We are sorry to be obliged to quote the concluding paragraph of her statement, for, after the above developments, it seems almost ridiculous. It is this:

"I do not say this as an idle boast, but simply present a fact that every Christian must accept on examination."

This leaves her in a worse dilemma than before. For what can be the weight of an arithmetical calculation, which Christians only find correct, and how otherwise can they test it, than by a residence in both Hell and Paradise? As a successful adjuster of the hereafter of the sexes, Mary Ellen Chase is somewhat of a failure.

Answers for the Avaricious.

HASELTINE.—Send her along.

F. I. C.—We will use it if we can.

JEANS.—Yes, your poetry is "voluptuous." So voluptuous that the only advice we can give you is to swallow an iceberg.

BIFFKINS.—We are glad to know what you call a humorous sketch. The next time you send us one, we shall recognize and cremate it beforehand.

S. P. Q. R.—If the Romans put your initials on their banners only for writing such paragraphs as you have sent us, they were a degraded and low down crowd.

MULREADY.—Your name, and your genius, if we may judge from the style of your poem, fit you for the responsible position of a New York policeman. In point of airy fancy and winsome grace you are a heart-rending failure; but you possess every element of success as a clubbist.

THE BROOKLYN-BRIDGE ACCIDENT.



ADJOURNMENT OF CONGRESS. Congressmen seen returning to their various homes. Enthusiastic reception by their constituents.

AN ALLIGATOR.

AN exchange mentions the fact that an alligator was killed down south the other day. Of course there is nothing very startling in this, but the post-mortem examination led to some very peculiar disclosures.

The alligator contained, among other things, a turtle; which goes to show that the alligator is a sort of aldermanic epicure. This will be news for naturalists.

The examiners also found some cherries and a dog on the inside of the reptile. The inference to be drawn from this is that the alligator must have climbed some farmer's tree, and, while surreptitiously regaling himself on the fruit, the dog came down and set up a noise, and was quietly disposed of for his pains.

Farmers cannot be too particular in killing off any alligators which may put in an appearance, as they shouldn't be encouraged.

O, farmer, blithe and merry,
If you wish to save your cherry—

Cherry tree,—
You had better take it right
In your stable every night,
Then the alligator might
Be at sea.

PUCK'S SENSATIONAL NOVELS.

NEW SERIES, No 1.

LOVE AND MONEY.

A LEAF FROM HISTORY.

EPILOGUE.

[Prologue will be found at the stern; by way of variety.]

Off in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,
Fond memory chucks the light
Of other days around me. —T. Moore.

THE facts upon which the following story is written may be found in Frizzi's History of Ferrara. The hero, who was a prince, had a sort of double-barreled name, which would defy all sorts at pronunciation; and so had the heroine. They were names which, no doubt, would be instrumental in selling any fever-and ague mixture should they be affixed to it.

In order to make the whole thing interesting and tangible, I will change the scene to Ohio, and call the hero James Smith, and the heroine Cloanthe Jones. Smith was desperately in love with Miss Jones at the opening of the story, and it is only fair to state that the mash was reciprocated by the object of his affections.

They loved with all the burning ardor of a mustard-plaster, and they used to sit in the moonlight and canoodle by pactolian streams, and luxuriate in ambrosial kisses. They thought they had a sure thing and that their happiness for life lay but a very short way off in the dim and misty future.

CHAPTER I.

Old Mother Hubbard
She went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone;
When she got there
The cupboard was bare,
So the dog had to go out in the street and gun ash-barrels.
—Pope.

When Mr. Abiallochilochillicothe—Mr Jones, we mean—heard of the little amour, his rage knew no bounds, and he meandered around the premises in a manner which would enable every one to understand him.

He liked Smith socially, but he couldn't tolerate him or anyone else as a son-in-law without beggaring himself. His mother was a very wealthy and eccentric woman. On her death-bed she made her last will and testament, in which she left her entire wealth to her only son, Mr. Jones, on the following conditions:

His daughter was never to marry. This provision was made out of charity, as she had been married herself.

Another provision was that he should be a pall bearer at his daughter's funeral.

There was also another provision, that he should, on all occasions, public and private, wear a yellow swallow-tail coat, sky blue vest, trousers with one leg cardinal and the other emerald, a helmet, an artillery boot on one foot and a carpet slipper on the other.

In case he violated any of these stipulations, his money was to be forfeited by the trustees to the government.

CHAPTER II.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many a something river,
And many a balmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from Error's chain.

—Heber.

Of course old Jones didn't fancy the thing much, but he didn't attempt to have the will broken, as in case he should succeed in such a proceeding he would only beat himself, and the money would go to someone else.

This little explanation, or rather history in parenthesis, will serve to make clear to the reader the reason of Mr. Jones's displeasure on the occasion of hearing of the little love-episode before referred to.

Of course Smith was forbidden the house, but he wasn't afraid of Cloanthe's father, as he only wore one boot, the slipped foot amounting to nothing, for it made a race out of the question. But in order to prevent further intercourse between his daughter and her lover, Jones had had her confined in a castle and watched with the strictest vigilance.

CHAPTER III.

When the robins sing the limbs on,
And the vale with ferns is decked,
And the skies so brightly crimson
With light clouds are kinder flecked.
Old Song.

Old Jones couldn't watch her himself, as his clothes made him such a laughing-stock that he scarcely dared to go on the street. Meanwhile she pined within the castle and was deprived of her customary allowance of peanuts and ice-cream, and Smith saved his money.

After a while Smith ascertained the whereabouts of his Dulcinea, and began to lay plans to rescue her.

CHAPTER IV.

When the playful William goat
Sings the festive robin's note,
Then I think it will be time
For elephants to write in rhyme.
D—d Old Song.

The prison was on an island very much like Lochleven Castle, in which Mary Queen of Scots was imprisoned. This little bit of historical information has nothing to do with the story, but is merely thrown in for the sake of variety.

By some means unknown to the author he managed to get a note to her.

It is fair to presume that her heart beat with delight when she received the note; so the reader will please to presume so.

It contained, among other things, a proposal to rescue her and go and be married.

She thought it was just lovely.

He would climb to her window on the night of the morrow, at which time she was to be ready to fly with him.

CHAPTER V.

LE TRANSIT RAPIDE.—Ainsi que nous l'avons annoncé, le premier train a parcouru mardi le "Gilbert elevated railroad" de Trinity Church à la 58e rue. Quatre voitures étaient conduites par une locomotive et renfermaient environ 200 voyageurs. Le train a passé les courbes de Murray street et les suivantes excepté celles d'Amity street sans ralentir et a parcouru le trajet en 17 minutes.—*Courrier des Etats-Unis.*

The time at last arrived, and Smith was on hand as per promise.

He climbed to her window unobserved, and lowered her by a stout rope, and soon followed himself.

Just as they had got about twenty feet from the shore the keeper rushed out, cocked his rifle and shouted:

"Halt, or I'll shoot!"

CHAPTER VI.

Put away the blacking-bottle
That our Sarah used to paint;
She will daub it black no longer.
Gone where things keramic ain't.—Puck.

"Shoot and be blank!" shouted Smith, with timidity.

The keeper conferred the solicited favor and discharged his piece.

CHAPTER VII.

"Sic juvat perire."—*Some Ancient Cuss.*

In ordinary novels they would have escaped unhurt, but in this case the bullet passed through both of them, and in the excitement the boat capsized.

They were not buried in one grave, either. Smith was interred at Dunkirk.

* * * * *

VOLUME SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

LOST—A pair of gold-bowed Spectacles last Thursday morning, either at the corner of Hennepin avenue and First street, or in the street-car going to the University Commencement. Finder will please leave them at the Tribune Office and be suitably rewarded. JUN 11th
—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

This placed Jones's wealth in a still more jeopardous position; and the most awful time of his life arrived.

In order to retain his money, he had to be one of his daughter's pall-bearers. The ministers of the place refused to perform the rites of burial unless he would wear black clothes. If he for a single moment took off the clothes prescribed in the will, to put on black, his money would be confiscated; and if there was no funeral at all, he couldn't be a pall-bearer. No matter how he looked at the case, he couldn't see how he was going to retain his money.

It seems to me I've got Jones in a position from which I can't very well extricate him; but then, this is just where the story ended in the History of Ferrara, and I haven't impudence enough to try to improve it.

PROLOGUE.

Du bist verrückt, mein Kind,
Du musst nach Berlin.
Wo die Verrückten sind,
Da gehörst Du hin!—*Klopstock.*

R. K. M.

(From Tinsley's Magazine.)

MRS. FITZGERALD.

By FRANK BARRETT.

Author of "Two Knaves and a Queen."

(Concluded.)

"WHAT do you want?"

"Well, you see, Mary," Fitzgerald spoke, in a drawling, hang-dog manner, suitable to his looks, still standing in the shadow outside the door, "I was always a clever man, too clever—that's what got me into mischief. I was clever with my pen, at billiards, at thimble-rig—I mean dominoes, and at nearly everything where genius and talent are required. But out in the scattered settlements of the West intellectual cleverness is at a discount, and mere manual dexterity at a premium. I became a handy man and a household treasure. I was always doing little jobs for the women-folk; for somehow I never could help being good and kind to a woman."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mary in disgust.

"You don't know me, Mrs. Fitzgerald. You see. I tell you I reverence and adore women, if they're good, and most all of 'em are. Well, I being so handy with my hands, I thought I would just borrow some tools and come and repair the furniture which perhaps I unsettled in an inadvertent moment; that is, if you would be so kind as to let me do so."

If Mary had refused to forgive this repentant sinner she would have ceased to be heroic. She suffered him to show his contrition, and was rewarded by seeing the man grow enthusiastic in his good purpose. He said nothing about his hand, though it pained him; he said nothing about his thirst, though it parched him; but he hammered and screwed, and scraped and puttied, and finally swept up his chips in a dustpan, never ceasing to work until at length he was able to say, as he regarded his work with an eye of satisfaction:

"There, I think that's a good job."

But poor Mary suffered even whilst she gladdened over this "good job." For the carpentry that won golden opinions in the uncivilized settlements was not applicable to the upholstery of London. This handy man drove long nails into the chiffonier, and every blow struck Mary's nervous sensibility. He split one side of the bookcase with an ill-aimed blow, the shelves were not put up straight, they would never come down; but at the same time, nothing with a tendency to gravitate would stand there unless delicately balanced, for they "waggled rather," as Fitzgerald admitted. Then the glass for the door was too large, and the sash had to be cut grievously, in doing which he cracked the panes on either hand, and administered putty in such a liberal but ill-advised manner that there was more of that material visible than anything else. Mary wished that the work of repentance had been carried out in another manner, and would have given five pounds to redeem her furniture from those long splintering nails and glaring screws. She concealed her true feeling, indeed she feigned to be pleased with his performance. She made him wash his hand in warm water, and as she bound up the gaping wounds with clean linen administered a little lecture, which he listened to submissively. He vowed and declared reformation with tears in his eyes as he left the room.

Mary could not help being good. She was as much under the influence of beneficent feelings as a villain is subject to his evil passions; but as she sat with folded hands alone, she failed to experience that satisfaction and peace of mind which usually are the reward of unselfishness. She felt like one who kneels but cannot pray. She knew that she should be grate-

ful to Heaven for this evidence of goodness in her husband, and desire its amplification; but she shuddered to think of the consequences to herself and George Montey if that prayer were unanswered. She could not put a limit to Christian forgiveness. It was her duty to bring this sinner to repentance if she could; and Reginald Fitzgerald, purified, must be accepted as her husband. To Mary's mind that end was inevitable. There was no stepping back nor stopping half-way. At once assured that her husband's reformation was begun in truth and sincerity, she must dismiss George Montey from her sight and thought, avoiding him as an object of temptation. She was called upon to make a sacrifice, and she resolved to make it, nor would she hesitate in its commencement. She must nourish and tend this germ springing from the soil, even though from it there should grow a upas to blight her with its shadow.

When George called upon her she showed him, with an assumption of pride and pleasure which her joyless eyes belied, the proof of her husband's handiness, and told of his contrition. To George Montey, who as a man had more of human weakness in his nature, these signs of Fitzgerald's better qualities were more distressing than his preceding violence.

"It is absurd to believe this repentance sincere," he said. "If you had suffered him to be punished as the wise men who make laws deem such as he should be punished, he would not have driven nails into your furniture. You have given him proofs of your weakness, and he will take advantage of you to the uttermost. He would not be a cunning rascal if he did not."

"But, George, he has one good quality—his reverence for women."

"Rubbish!" said Montey, quite angry. "He said nothing and showed nothing of these fine feelings thirteen years ago, and jails and backwoods are not the schools where they are acquired."

Mary sighed, "We shall see."

"Him again, unfortunately. Of course he will be here again to-morrow morning with another artful ruse for gaining your sympathy—that is, if he does not get into prison before. He has been successful to-day beyond his expectations, doubtless, or the expectations of any one else who does not know his tender victim. He will not forget you, depend on it."

"What shall I do?" implored Mary. Her question closed George Montey's argument. He could not advise her to act contrary to her feelings, which, though he deprecated, he admired. This he admitted, and added:

"After all, I would have been sorry had you done otherwise than as you have. All I can hope is that you will not hurriedly form your new estimation of this man's character. Think how long it took you to see that he was a liar and a scoundrel."

George was right; Reginald Fitzgerald called upon Mary the next day, bringing her a bunch of flowers.

"Used he to bring you flowers when you were engaged?" asked George. Mary admitted he had not. "For the reason that then he felt sure of your love; now that he wishes to revive it, he puts himself in a new position."

Fitzgerald came again and again; each time he stayed but a few minutes, telling her of effort made in the direction of rectitude. On many occasions his face and voice told of disipation; but as time went on these evidences became less frequent. His period of service at the barracks being ended for a time, he obtained a situation in a timber-yard, and called upon Mary in decent apparel. It grew evident that his feeling for Mary was something more than gratitude for her mercy and admiration of her goodness. He hung his head, and dared not meet her eyes; but she knew that he

followed her perpetually with his eyes when hers were averted. All this George Montey saw, for he made no scruple of calling upon Mary, or remaining when her husband was with her.

"It is part of his cunning," said he, "to make you think that he loves you secretly."

Mary said little to her husband, and was as slow as Montey to form a definite decision upon what she saw. She would listen to what he had to say, and in reply told him briefly she was glad to hear he had returned the quart pots he had stolen, etc., and bade him steal quart pots, etc., no more.

George found him walking up and down the street past her house one night, long after the light was extinguished in Mary's room, and had a long talk with him. He found his manner different out of Mary's presence; but the difference raised Montey's opinion of him rather than otherwise. Slowly and surely the fact impressed itself upon him and Mary that this Fitzgerald was earnestly and truly repentant and reforming, and it was as clear to them that he earnestly and truly loved the woman who had wrought his salvation.

George founded his belief against his inclination, and grew more grave and sombre as his certainty gained strength. When at length he was convinced, he said to himself, "There is nothing now for me to do but to go away into some dusty corner, where the spiders may spin their webs over me and my memories."

He observed, and perhaps not without that bitterness which less generous lovers feel, that Mary's interest in her husband grew. She encouraged him to talk, referring frequently to old times, and asking questions relative to that time; and she would look at him fixedly for many minutes at a time, and hope would gleam in her eyes. George fancied he knew what that meant. With her it was not mere interest in a convert; her love for her husband was returning. "She will not mind my going now," thought George.

One day he told her of his conviction that Fitzgerald was a reformed man, and loved her as she deserved.

"And so," says he, "my time is come to say farewell."

"When are you going away?" asked Mary.

It seemed to George that there was no sorrow in her voice, nothing but a quick anxious excitement, which he did not care to account for.

"As soon as possible," he said, with a sigh.

"You will call before you go—say to-morrow evening."

"I didn't intend going until Thursday; but as you wish it to be over so soon, I will go on Tuesday," said he, and thought, "It is nothing to her to say good-bye. She has one to love."

She was so excited that she did not notice the tone of his voice, nor even the sense of the words she heard, and she bade him good-bye with less than her usual warmth. When he was gone she took several letters from her pocket and read each through carefully, though she knew them all by frequently reading them. They were letters received during the past fortnight in answer to a certain question she had been putting to public men experienced in the observation of character and the study of mankind. One was from the master of a jail, in which he said, "I am entirely of your opinion, and advise you to proceed with extreme caution in your dealings with the man."

Another, from an eminent novelist, said, "Such a circumstance as you describe is worthy only of the romances of fifty years ago; a modern novelist would not dare to entertain such a supposition. There can be little doubt that your suspicion is justified, as I trust you will prove," etc. Others were to the same effect.

Mary knew Fitzgerald's footstep, and put the letters in her pocket when she heard it.

She spoke kindly to him, and once or twice he raised his eyes, but dropped them immediately, seeing how closely she scanned his face. Feeling himself under observation, he thought it incumbent on himself to speak of his improvement.

"It's all owing to your goodness," he said, in conclusion. "I always thought if I was to be saved a woman would do it. And I always did respect women; but you, Mary—I—I—Well, I know I'm a brute, but I'm not as I was. You've altered me. I'm not the same man I was."

"I don't think you are," said Mary, in such a tone that Fitzgerald started in his chair, and asked quickly, "What do you mean, Mary?"

"I think that you wish to be a good man, and that you love me."

"O Mary, I dared not say that myself, but from my heart I do love you."

"Yet now that you are wishing to be good, and beginning to love me, you would do me the greatest injury you have ever in your life done me?"

He tried to answer—failed; tried to look in her face—failed. Then looking down, he said, "There is nothing in the world I will not do if you tell me."

"Look me in the face."

He tried again and again, and again and again his eyes fell.

"It's no use, I can't," he said, putting his hand over his eyes.

"I will ask you to do something else. A very little thing this."

"Tell me, tell me."

"I wish you to answer simply yes or no to one question, and as you speak think that you speak to one you love, to one who has done and will do what she thinks is her duty, to one who can never love you more nor less than she does now. And if you think that I have sacrificed anything for you, do you, if it be to tell the truth, also sacrifice yourself to me. Now answer me, as you love me. Are you Reginald Fitzgerald, my husband?"

"No." As he spoke the man slid down upon his knees before Mary, and looked straight up into her face for the first time, for the spell was broken.

* * * * *

"My name is Robert Brooks. Fitzgerald and I were mates in Mexico. He was bitten by a snake, and neither of us had oil or *eau de luce* with us. I burnt the wound as well as I could, and we rode for Santa Dorea as hard as his wound and agony would let us. At length I left my mate in the shade to die.

"Brooks," said he, "have you any brandy?"

"A little," says I; "but there's a hundred or so of miles to go before I get my flask filled, and you won't want it in five minutes."

"I'll give you more'n a thousand pounds for it," says Fitzgerald, "good English notes."

"Where are they?" says I.

"My wife's keeping them for me in England."

"He had often laughed about you, and told me how you had confided in him, and he knew that I believed in women's goodness. I used often to tell him that if I had such a woman to love me I'd go back to England, though I risked my neck for it. I said to Fitz, 'Tisn't likely if your wife's got 'em now she'll give 'em up to me.'"

"That's true," says he; "but look here, Brooks. You and I are pretty much alike, barring our noses, and mine would be more like yours if I had that pretty slash across it. Our hair's pretty much the same color, so are our eyes, and our teeth don't differ much. It's eleven years since my wife saw me—more'n that, I daresay. Well, if you trim yourself up like me you may get my wife and the swag as well."

"I'll take the swag; but I won't impose on the poor woman no further," says I. God help me, I never meant to injure you, Mrs. Fitzgerald.

"Well," says Fitz—he didn't say it straight off and pretty as I say it, but in jerks and with a variety of foul words too numerous and unpleasant to mention—"well," says he, "you may do as you please about my wife; but there's the swag, I give you my word."

"It's bad security," says I.

"Nobody will know you; and who's to say you are not Reginald Fitzgerald? Not me, you bet. You can just pitch me down the split there soon's ever I've swallowed the brandy. Give me the flask, for God's sake, and I'll tell you where to find my wife."

"And 'Mrs. Fox, Post-office, Brixton,' were the last words he uttered."

[END.]



Puck's Exchanges.

HOTSPUR'S DESCRIPTION OF A FOP.

My liege, I did deny no prisoners; But I remember when the fight was done, When I was dry with rage and extreme toil, And nothing stronger than rain-water Within forty miles, came there a certain lord, Trimly dressed, nobby, in fact, with a cutaway coat,

Flashy neck-tie, and pants louder than the Band wagon of a circus, including the band; He was fresh as a bridegroom, To speak truly, he was a trifle too fresh. His chin, which I advised him to wipe off, Was newly reaped, and showed like Stubble-land at harvest time.

He was scented like ice cream At a church fair—with vanilla, musk, Rose water, cologne, hair oil, etcetera, And I cannot pretend what else.

Twixt his finger and his thumb he held A pouncet-box (see Webster's Unabridged) Which, ever and anon, he gave his nose. And still he smiled and talked, and as The soldiers bore dead bodies by,

He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly, To bring a slovenly, unhandsome corpse, Between the wind and his nobility.

With many holiday and snobbish terms Such as, 'Aw, weally!' "Did you evah!"

He addressed me, among the rest Demanded my prisoners, in her Majesty's Behalf. I then, all smarting with My wounds, being galled to be so pestered

With a seven-by-nine popinjay, Out of my grief and my impatience I lifted him one abaft the wheel-house,

And you might have heard his little Coat-tails crack as he passed Over into the next county.

This bald, unjointed chat of his, my lord, Disturbed my Dutch, and I beseech you, Let not his mysterious disappearance

Come betwixt my love and your high majesty. Oil City Derrick.

"Will you love me when I mould?" as the loaf of bread said to the housekeeper.—Rome Sentinel.

It is said that eating onions will prevent the lips from chapping. Most girls prefer the chaps.—Cincinnati Breakfast Table.

THE CREAM OF THE BUCKET.

SOUND SCRIPTURAL ADVICE.

Never put new wine into old tramps.

—Hackensack Republican.

A NEW READING.

Hamlet's soliloquy—"To beer or not to beer." —Oil City Derrick.

PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

Gortschakoff has the mal de belly. Strawberries did it.—Boston Post.

WISDOM.

If a young man cannot marry the girl he wants, let him try the girl who wants him.—N. O. Picayune.

A HINT.

The Rev. Joseph Cook may last six weeks longer if he stops now and goes off and loses himself in the woods.—Detroit Free Press.

JOURNALISM.

The New York Herald, with characteristic enterprise, prints a war-map of the Brooklyn bridge disaster. It was cabled.—Rochester Express.

PENITENTIARY EPICURES.

Kate Sothern, the Georgia murderess, has been put to work in a convict camp as cook, and now she wishes she had been hung—and so do the convicts.—Buffalo Express.

CONSCIENTIOUS ACCURACY.

Bruce, Mississippi's colored Senator, is shortly to wed an Ohio girl. We have no congratulations to offer the fair bride, simply because she isn't fair. She is colored.—Phila. Chronicle-Herald.

JUSTICE TO ADAM.

Eve never caught cold hanging over the front gate till 9 or 10 o'clock at night; but we suspect the reason was a melancholy absence of young men.—Buff. Express. Seems to us, you take a good deal for granted. If there ever was a girl who had her full square share of the average young men of the period, it was Eve.—Phila. Bulletin.

MR. TENNYSON HAS THE FLOOR.

In regard to those verses, we would inform the Waterbury American that we were in doubt for some time whether they were awful poor or whether Tennyson wrote them. As Tennyson's name was not attached and nobody paid five dollars a line for them, probably they were simply awful poor.—Bridgeport Standard.

THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER.

A.: Wollen Sie nicht auch etwas beisteuern für eine Unglückliche?

B.: Wer ist sie denn?

A.: Eine arme Wittwe, die von Zwillingen entbunden worden ist.

B.: Wie heißt sie? Wenn sie Wittwe ist, wie kommt sie zu Zwillingen?

A.: Sehen Sie, das ist ja eben das Unglück! —German Puck.

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

Such is the innate bashfulness of the strawberry that it often refuses to associate with its kind, and conceals itself for purposes of solitary meditation in those arid culinary deserts known as shortcakes. On the outskirts of a shortcake a small group of healthy strawberries is sometimes found, but if a strawberry is found in the interior, it is, in nearly all cases, solitary and alone. Often this timid recluse is withered and shrunken, and bears the marks of age and privation. Beyond any question its motive in thus concealing itself where no ordinary man would think of searching for it, is a desire to shun observation. We never find the so-called "modest" flower thus avoid the presence of man. It is only the strawberry which manifests so strong a love of solitude and isolation from its kind.—New York Times.

RICHMOND SITS DOWN ON GENIUS.

The following note, from a belle in Richmond, explains itself:

To the Editor of the Transcript:

Enclosed you will find some verses which I hope you will publish, if you think them worthy a place in your columns. I sometimes feel that I am a poetess and then again I don't feel so.

Please read my verses and tell me plainly if you think I have genius. My favorite poet is Poe—Edgar Allen Poe. Very truly,

FILINA.

P. S.—Give me your honest opinion in print.

Here are the verses:

BYE AND BYE.

Waving fields of summer,
Fruity glinting gloams;
Greenish golden sunlight,
Where the sad bee roams;

These shall go and wander,
Down the grooves of time,
With the ceaseless measure,
Of a Runic rhyme.

Mellow tints of sunset,
Ghastly moonbeam's ray;
Happy songs in snatches,
At the close of day;

These shall go forever,
Leaving nought behind;
Those who come hereafter,
Dust and ashes find.

When this all is over,
And from toil we're free,
Then may joy and gladness,
Come to you and me.

Candidly, Filina, we do not think you a genius. Those occasional spurts of feeling to which you refer are the harmless indications of the change of the season. We have felt the same thing frequently—the same intermittent flow of poetic fervor. Brace up, Filina, be a man. Desert the muse, play off on her, go to the springs, take a pill, disobey the Bishop's injunction and dance round-dances, do anything, go to sleep, teach Sunday-school—anything but verses!—*Richmond Transcript*.

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NOTICE.

No. 26 (issue of September 5th, 1877) of "Puck" will be bought at this office, No. 13 North William Street, at full price.

WEATHER IN BRIDGEPORT.

A company has been formed in Bridgeport, and if it doesn't stop raining before to-morrow noon ferry-boats will be started on all the principal streets.

It has rained so much in this section lately that when it holds up for more than half a day Bridgeport people feel uncomfortable and go and chase the watering-cart around.

The appearance of sunshine this morning caused a member of the Scientific Society to look up the authorities bearing upon the subject, and he found from the record that a similar phenomena has occurred in this section before.

It is pleasant these June mornings to see the sturdy farmer arise from the breakfast table, don his ulster, wrap his muffler tenderly about his rugged neck, encase his horny hands in good warm mittens and sally forth to irrigate the gentle pea and weed the odorous onion.—*Bridgeport Standard*.

An editor offers a reward of five dollars for the best treatise on "How to make out-door life attractive to the mosquito."—*Detroit Free Press*.

The Chicago Times calls Judge Hilton one of Stewart's errors. Now let error die amid his worshippers. P. S.—He hasn't any worshippers.—*Rochester Dem.*

GENERAL HOWARD, we read, is in the field against the hostile Indians. Isn't this encouraging the Indians?—*Kronikle-Herald*.

SEVERAL papers continue to mention Mr. Potter as Mr. Pottah; and Mr. Pottah says there is such a thing, by Jove! as being too infamously pacticulah.—*Buff. Exp.*

MARY WALKER asserts that the Venus de Medici never wore corsets.—*Bos. Post*. Of course not. She didn't wear anything; her wardrobe was tore so.—*Phila. Bulletin*.

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